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Zion's Herald.

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The Outlook.

The failure of the bill before the House committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, providing for a postal telegraph, will be regretted. There is a large public demand for the measure. To the business of the country the telegraph is a necessity, and should be operated at cost. The arguments in favor of federal control of the post-office apply with equal force to the telegraph; they are parts, as it were, of the same service, both indispensable to the conveyance of general intelligence. The plan of Postmaster General Wainwright appears to have been entirely practicable, and its adoption by Congress would be a great benefit to the people. Though, for the hour, the telegraph interest is too strong for the people, the latter will renew their demand, and the demand will be heeded by the law-makers at Washington. The telegraph is surely one of the things destined to come under government control.

The Jamaica Industrial Exhibition was duly opened on the 27th inst. Prince George of Wales made a neat address, the Lord Bishop of the island offered prayer, and "Old Hun" was sung, after which and the presentation of a golden key to the Prince "as a fitting emblem of a golden future for Jamaica," the formal ceremony ended. The building is cruciform in plan, surmounted by a central dome, provided with a gallery and lighted by electricity. There is a machinery annex, a working dairy, an apiary, an industrial village, and a fine art gallery. In the main hall Canada has the largest area, and England, France, Germany, Austria and the United States come next, in space occupied. Our own meagre exhibit is explainable by a real or fancied slight on the part of Great Britain in sending out invitations. Nevertheless, certain American business houses have obtained the requisite permission, and school furniture, clocks, agricultural machinery, typewriters, organs, sewing machines, carriages, petroleum, bearing the names of well-known firms, remind visitors that in many lines of industry this country claims superiority.

All the miners in the United States, numbering about 150,000, have decided to strike on May 1 for an eight-hour day. Funds have been provided for the support of the strikers in a prolonged conflict, and it is confidently believed that the mine owners will recognize the justice of the claim, and also their own inability to contend against an organization so universal and well-equipped. One section of the miners—those in the Connellville coke regions where the terrible disaster occurred recently—has already gone out, to the number of 16,000. The current wage scale has expired there, and the new demand is for an advance of wages of about 18 per cent., all coal to be weighed instead of measured, and eight hours to constitute a day's work. Considering the privations and peril of their lot, the frequent reductions either of pay or production ordered by the mine-operators, the abject poverty in which most of the employees are compelled to live, their determination to better their condition will excite general sympathy.

An important decision was reached, last week, on the steel question in the Navy. It has been insisted, all along, that only steel manufactured by what is known as the "open hearth" method is fit for construction purposes. This has been regarded as so indisputable that when a conference of steel makers was held at the Department some months ago, it was not allowed to be called in question. A New England company, however, has lately succeeded in persuading the secretary to test plates made by them according to the underdrift Clapp-Griffiths method—that of blowing air through molten iron, which has the effect of burning out impurities. Over two hundred plates have been submitted to the severest tests as respects elasticity, toughness and strength, and the report of the board was so satisfactory that the use of Clapp-Griffiths steel has been authorized in naval construction. This will take away the monopoly of production from the only two establishments in the country which could manufacture by "open hearth" process—Carnegie's and the Bethlehem Iron Works—bringing to an end the exasperating delay in the production and delivery of steel for our ships undergoing construction, and prove of highest practical benefit to such companies as the Tremont Nail Works at South West Weymouth and the Lorings at South Boston, who have facilities for the accepted process.

It was while the country was anxiously awaiting the expected fatal bulletin from the bedside of General Sherman in New York city on Friday last, that telegrams were sent from Washington announcing the death of Admiral David D. Porter, the ranking officer of the Navy, and one of the most conspicuous of the rapidly-vanishing procession of the heroes of our Civil War. His end was not without warning. He had been ill for several

months, and heart failure from fatty degeneration had been diagnosed. His death was painless. Admiral Porter's name had not the magic of that of Farragut, but the services which he rendered during a naval career of sixty-two years have given him enduring renown. A lieutenant in the Mexican War, he rose from the rank of commander to that of rear admiral in the struggle of the Rebellion, and his name will be forever associated with Fort Pickens, the mortar fleets at New Orleans and Vicksburg, the Red River and the Fort Fisher expeditions. Since the war he has been successively promoted to be Vice Admiral and Admiral, holding the latter office since the death of Farragut in 1870. The office becomes extinct with his death.

General Sherman lingered but a day later. He had rallied frequently during the week when supposed to be dying, and the hope was entertained that he might survive the crisis, but the end came on Saturday, and the victor of many battles was himself laid low. There were shining qualities in our dead hero. It is too soon, at this time of writing, while the sense of national loss is keen, to properly estimate them. Nearly a generation has passed since the brilliant achievements which gained him fame, and to the younger men who were but little children in those stirring times, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Kennesaw, Atlanta, the "March to the Sea," are terms which fall to excite the vivid memories which they do in the elders; but yet all the young as well as the old, felt for General Sherman a mingled reverence and love which they never manifested for even his illustrious compeers, Generals Grant and Sheridan. His unaffected simplicity and affability, his utter freedom from political ambition, his tender regard for his Grand Army comrades, his honesty, his exceptional readiness of speech, his rare sociability—these, combined with the prestige of tested gallantry and of marvelous military abilities, rendered him a unique and fascinating personality, whose sickness excited the apprehension of the whole country, and whose death is a national bereavement.

Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, despairing of harmonizing the Irish factions, have surrendered themselves to the English authorities and are submitting in Clonmel jail to the sentence which they evaded when they started for America. Mr. Parnell remains, obstinately, shamelessly, the master of the situation. Not that his opponents have been converted to his views or have ceased to resent his determination to lead the Irish party. Nor has the rupture of his followers with the Liberal party been healed. Indeed, Mr. Parnell's effort to humiliate or discredit Mr. Gladstone has only widened the breach. But though he has relentlessly against him the party headed by Mr. Gladstone, and the implacable opposition of the Roman Catholic episcopate and priesthood, this renounced leader claims to dictate Irish policy, disburse Irish funds, and represent Irish interests on the floor of Parliament. Home rule, if attained at all, must be attained in spite of Mr. Parnell. His attitude imperils, delays it.

The silver agitation has postponed, and possibly defeated, the purpose of the American Monetary Conference. The latter is the creation of the Pan-American Conference, and has for its object the formation of an international union and the issue of a coin, or coins, which shall be uniform in weight and fineness, and be current both in the United States and in every nation on this continent lying to the south of us, and also Hawaii. The proposed union would be similar in some respects to the well-known Latin union of Europe, which has succeeded in keeping silver at par. The Conference convened and elected Minister Romero of Mexico permanent chairman, but the madness which rules the hour for unlimited coinage of silver, rendered it inexpedient to take any action for the present, and the Conference has adjourned to await the pending issue.

Brierley Comment.

THE New York Presbyterians have been wrestling with the Deacons question. Two reports were submitted to the Presbytery, one—that of the minority, alas!—advocating the admission of women to the order, the other opposing it. It is the belief of the majority of the committee that women can do their work just as well, as Bible readers, teachers, nurses, visitors of the sick, instructors in sewing, or in singing, outside the sanctuary, as they could inside. Doubtless, but so could the men. They also maintain that to ordain a woman as a deaconess would be a stepping stone to the priesthood, and even to the papacy. Quite likely, and why not, if she has the gifts and graces? The question rests for its final settlement with the General Assembly.

THE late Charles Loring Brace is to be worthily remembered by an endowment fund—the first \$10,000 of which has already been subscribed—which will bear his name, and the proceeds of which will be used to perpetuate the work to which he gave his life. His name, too, will be inscribed upon the New-boys' Lodging House in New York city, which he founded, and out of which grew the lodging houses for boys and the Girls' Temporary Home of the Children's Aid Society. Mr. Brace succeeded, in connection with the latter society which he started, in training 300,000 destitute children in industrial schools and in transplanting 75,000 friendly waifs from the streets of New York to homes in the West. No memorial could have been more grateful to him than the one contemplated.

THEY have passed a law in the State of Vera Cruz prohibiting bacarrat, roulette, monte, and similar games of chance—a stringent law, decreeing severe penalties against those who are found at such gambling tables, including civil disabilities; and yet, over in Christian England, the Prince of Wales, who is publicly prayed for every Sunday in every Anglican Church, is accused, and seemingly on good authority, of fondness for these very games, and of encouraging a system of domestic gambling at the va-

rious country houses which he visits. The Prince has been wont to pose as chief authority on "good form," but rarely as a reformer. Such disclosures as the recent bacarrat scandal will not tend to exalt, but rather to degrade him in the eyes of the people over whom he expects to rule.

JAMES REDPATH, who died in New York city last week, had a checkered career. As an abolitionist he stood by John Brown in days of peril in Kansas; as a correspondent of the New York Tribune he visited Ireland, and was led to champion the Irish cause by the awful misery which confronted him at every step; he was a magazineist, an author, the manager of a lyceum bureau, a reformer, a publisher, and he carried energy and ability into everything he undertook. No one mistook him for a saint, but also no one who knew him failed to recognize in him a friend of his fellows, and especially of the fellow that was under.

THE "university extension" movement finds favor everywhere. The colleges in and around New York city have joined in it. Brown has fallen into line. From Rhode Island to Oregon the scheme is under discussion, and at these two termini at least the work of instruction has already begun. The outside world, the common people, are invited to place themselves under university influences. In Pawtucket, for example, twelve-lecture courses in astronomy and botany, at the rate of \$3 per course and an additional fifty cents for examination, have been inaugurated by the Rhode Island University Extension. And this is but the beginning; for it is proposed to continue these lectures until "the entire round of science, philosophy and literature" has been covered. The Harvard Extension Club will work in social as well as educational lines. They will attempt ultimately to bring about a true university settlement in Cambridgeport, modeled after Toyahvale Hall in London, or the Rivington Street settlement in New York. Untrained minds, of course, cannot be expected to derive as large a benefit as students are wont to reap from these lectures; but hunger is almost as good as discipline, and there are minds hungry for knowledge in all our communities who will welcome these opportunities. The movement is a highly commendable and promising one.

MR. CARROLL D. WRIGHT estimates that next year there will be but 46,000 vacancies in remunerative occupations, and that for these places there will be 500,000 candidates—men, women and children. Obviously, if these figures be true, competition will be keen to secure these chances for livelihood. Obviously, too, the prizes will be taken by the industrious and determined. Every parent should be made to feel that the future of his sons and daughters will depend, more imperatively than ever, upon the training which they receive in their youth—upon habits of self-reliance, thoroughness and assiduity, and such other habits or qualities as are deemed essential to success in a business career.

THERE are some astounding figures in Document No. 22 of the Census Bulletin presenting a preliminary report on the distilled spirits consumed in the United States for various purposes during the year 1889. For arts, manufactures and medicine, the amount used was nearly eleven million proof gallons; but this was only about 15 per cent. of the total amount consumed, which in 1888 reached nearly seventy-six million proof gallons. This certainly leaves an appalling credit to the drinking side of the account, and one which, considering the very general propagation of temperance sentiment, is right down disheartening.

MAY WOMEN BE MEMBERS OF OUR QUARTERLY CONFERENCES?

PRESIDENT WM. F. WARREN.

WE propose briefly to discuss this fundamentally important question dispassionately on its intrinsic merits, and shall therefore at once proceed to divest it of all collateral, irrelevant, and immaterial issues. Even the eligibility of women to seats in the Lay Electoral Conferences may be waived as a subsidiary one, for it must stand or fall with the determination of the main question.

First, then, we remark that whatever may be the animus of the present movement in favor of the affirmative of this proposal, or whatever the ultimate aims of its abettors or its eventual tendency or effects, whether upon the ministry or the community, these points are not now in our purview, and will therefore for the present be dismissed, grave as really are many of these considerations.

Secondly, the natural right, prerogative, or sphere of woman will, for our immediate purpose, be held in abeyance, however conclusive we may deem it in a moral and social point of view, because we here wish to confine our attention to more imperative and absolute grounds of argumentation.

Thirdly, this is properly not a question of gallantry or politeness, or of concession to the sex; for whatever may be the disposition of individuals to grant a doubtful privilege to their sisters, or even to quit the field rather than quarrel with them, such a motive is not adequate in settling a great principle of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. Mere sentiment must not displace sober judgment and logical deduction, and especially prescriptive requirement.

Fourthly, we cannot allow modern usage, the spirit of the times, the temper of American institutions, the progress of humanitarian ideas, or any such extrinsic influences to dictate in so vital and sacred a question as this. They are themselves a confession of novelty, and therefore uncertain propriety, and as purely secular should be ruled out of court in the present adjudication, in view of the superior claims and authority which we will presently adduce.

Fifthly, even considerations of economic advantage and utilitarian convenience cannot hold a controlling rank in the solution of the question; for expediency is always a dubious policy, and especially so when grave interests of legislation are involved; nor in this case can its pertinency be clearly established in the face of success under the old regime.

In short, the matter is essentially a Scriptural one; and this not so much on the ground of the original creation of woman, or of her status after the fall in Eden, nor even under the patriarchal and the Jewish dispensations, although we find these all concur in the law of the subordination of woman. We are here dealing with a Christian institution, the

church of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which He is the Head, and of which the apostles have laid the constitutional basis; and neither Methodism nor any other ecclesiastical body has a right to depart from the regulations prescribed in the New Testament for its administration and regulation. To this the whole question must ultimately come for decisive determination; and this authority is paramount and final. To this, therefore, let us directly appeal. Has our Lord or any one of His apostles spoken or acted definitely on this matter? If so, that settles the discussion, and forecloses all controversy. We cannot afford—surely we will not presume—to take a step in violation of explicit or clearly-intended prescription from this supreme source.

We find three facts lying palpably upon the face of the Inspired Record on this subject, which plainly debar woman from all proper ecclesiastical functions involving authority; and so they have always been construed by the soundest learning and piety of individual expositors, and by the consensus of the church at large as voiced in the history of Christendom.

1. The great Master Himself never appointed a woman, however much esteemed or honored, to any official position whatever among His followers. The apostles, like the seventy, were men exclusively; and to them alone He committed the keys of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Not a hint or a syllable did He ever utter which would lead us to suppose that females were intended to wield or share this power.

2. In exact accordance with this rule were all the appointments of the apostolic church as warranted in the Acts or referred to in the Epistles. The official designations, such as preachers, deacons, elders, bishops, are invariably of the masculine gender. The solitary exceptions to this remark are but apparent, in the case of Phoebe (Rom. 16: 1), where the term "servant" refers purely to the labors of a nurse and alms-distributor (like the women named in the remainder of the same chapter, or those who ministered to the personal wants of Jesus, Luke 8: 3); together with the daughters of Philip (Acts 20: 9), whose "prophesying" was not a human appointment at all, but the spontaneous exercise of a supernatural endowment such as came upon all present on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2: 4). Priscilla was not a church officer, nor was indeed her husband. The only ecclesiastical authorities mentioned in the primitive gatherings, which were really church councils, are "the apostles and brethren" (Acts 11: 1); "the prophets and teachers" (Acts 13: 1, all of them males by name); "the apostles and elders" (Acts 15: 6, all of them "men and brethren," verse 7; comp. 23, "apostles, elders, and brethren," which explains "apostles and elders" with the whole church," verse 22); and the qualifying terms used in connection with the three ministerial orders in the pastoral epistles (1 Tim. 3: 1-13; Titus 1: 6-9), prove that women were not thought of in that relation. Not a shadow of evidence exists that they ever actually occupied it.

3. Several passages of the apostolical writers, especially Paul, positively and wholly forbid the exercise of female jurisdiction forever in the Christian Church (1 Cor. 11: 3): "But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God." This was not a temporary nor a secular regulation, but a permanent ordinance, solemnly "delivered" to the churches (verse 2), and enforced by all the sanctity of a comparison with divine authority in its very terms. 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." This certainly means, at least, as much as 1 Tim. 2: 11, 12: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence," which, we think, was intended to explain it. The obvious lesson, which no ingenuity or sophistry can eliminate from these texts, is the very point of authority involved in the question we are discussing, and on this they are emphatic, full and decisive. Language could not well be stronger. It is useless to argue with a person who is determined not to accept this apostolic teaching, found—be it noted—in a letter bearing expressly upon the matter of church officers and ecclesiastical discipline.

The whole issue turns upon this pivot: Who shall prescribe and determine the polity of the church? Modern speculators, or the inspired and authorized apostles? If the Methodist Episcopal Church shall violate this constitutional charter, she will forfeit all right to be regarded as a Scripturally-constituted body, and evangelical Christians will be justified in repudiating and forsaking her communion. We do not believe she will be so wild; we cannot forbear adding, so fanatical. A large liberty, up to the line of formal authority, has always been and still is cordially allowed to women by general consent in our church; but license beyond this limit, never by any legitimate tribunal.

Some of my friends, on reading the foregoing paragraphs, will be greatly surprised at their tenor. The fact is, I did not write them. They were written, word for word, by a scholar of world-wide reputation, a life-long Methodist, and a pioneer advocate of lay representation, Professor James Strong. They were written to prove that women cannot Scripturally be members of our General Conference. I have ventured to put them under another heading, to show how much more they prove—if they prove anything—than their respected author intended. Con-

sidering the relief which I have afforded to many burdened spirits, including that of Dr. Buckley, who announced the article as "a momentous one," I feel sure that my merry friend of the Drew Theological Seminary will pardon my audacity.

THE RARE RELATIONSHIP.

JENNY BURR.

"He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him."—ST. JOHN 14: 21.

THESE words, and various others of Christ, indicate the personal relation supposed to exist between Him and His disciples. That is the peculiarity of Christian discipleship, for no other great religious teachers call for any such relation to their followers. Intellectual assent to their doctrines and a life in harmony with them, are all that is expected of them. But Christ invites friendship. "I have called you friends." This is what our religion is—keeping up a personal relation with a friend, a helper. And it is to be maintained in the same way as any other friendship—by conversation, by heart-communion, by giving gifts, and by grateful acceptance of gifts. Cease to correspond with a friend, and how long will the relation last? Old memories may remain, but the essence, the vitality of it soon goes. We must talk, come near each other, know each other's thoughts, ways and experiences. To know Christ we need to abide in Him. There is no outside way of becoming or keeping acquainted. There is no learning Him by hearsay. All the books that have been written about Him could not give us the knowledge we need.

This relation is not only personal, but individual. Christ does not reveal Himself exactly alike to any two souls, but always with originality, freshness and uniqueness to each one. There is ever a precious secret, a sacred mystery, in this divine life. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." It is not with the careless, or the scornful, or the distant. A still sweeter promise is the one in Revelation (2: 17): "A new name written which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

It is a perfect relationship. The more one thinks of it, the more the wonder of it grows, for it exists between the perfect and the imperfect beings. No such thing is known between two human beings who are unequal in character or condition. It may be a beautiful relation, and bring much happiness to one or both; but difference in earthly condition makes a barrier, and there can be no perfect union of hearts. How often, even when love is strong, this difference spoils two lives.

This difference which circumstances make in human life can never be lightly disregarded in the forming of any close relation. But with our relation with Christ, circumstances are nothing. The one only essential thing is love. He gives love and everything else besides; and we can give nothing else. He has chosen to make us dependent in other things; yet love never feels it.

How close this unearthly relation may be, history attests, as well as to-day's report. Ever since Enoch lived and then "was not, for God took him," thousands of souls have "walked with God." Their footsteps make a shining track down through the ages. By this friendship alone they achieved fame imperishable. The Bible is full of wonderful words about it. David understood its deepest meaning. "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee" (Ps. 63: 1); "When I awake, I am still with Thee" (Ps. 139: 18). But in no case was it a relation inevitable, or accidental, or easy. It called for the highest energies of the soul and was its own exceeding great reward.

"Still, still with Thee,
When purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee;
Fairer than the morning,
Lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness
I am with Thee."

THE COLORED VOTE.

THAT the popular vote in our colored churches was adverse to the admission of women to the General Conference, is a surprise to some. But it ought not to be. Reform in the social body is slow; and it takes a long while for even the most intelligent persons to reach the broader and more advanced questions. Old prejudices blind the eyes; custom dominates for a long while even the well-informed and liberal. The question of admitting women to the General Conference is an advanced one; the colored brethren, and even some of the whites, had not traveled up to it. Time will do something for them as it has done for the whites, whose education has been a long one. We have been reaching toward the goal for a hundred years, and even now have come into the full light of the great truth for which we are contending. In intellectual and social and moral reforms New England ideas lead the way. The South has always lived in the past; and the great middle region, penetrated by Southern influences and anchored to Dutch passivity, has been conservative. The people of these sections see, day after to-morrow, what New England sees to-day. On this woman question, as on many others in Church and State, the East and the West lead at present, with the assurance that the less advanced sections will, in the not distant future, follow. We feel sure the colored brethren will not be disobedient to the heavenly vision, and they may even come in advance of "the undistributed middle."

We agree with Dr. Albert in resenting any intimidation or attempts by any undue methods to influence the colored vote. The Negro has mind, and is to be reached by logical processes. With this noble endowment, he

should be open to truth and light, and, like the white man, should aim to follow the trend of the best civilization. What he has reached already is but a stage in the long route. Dr. Albert thinks the woman question has no relation to emancipation or the granting of civil rights. In this we think he is mistaken. Though not intimately related, they are really parts of a wider movement for the advancement of the human race. Civil rights are the first step in the way to other social and political privileges; and no one should be willing to stop at this point, or to allow prescription to debar others from advancing on their chosen course.

We quite agree with Dr. Albert that woman is, in an important sense, man's equal. Differences of organism and adaptations allow equality in rights and privileges. The variations are parts of a higher unity in privilege and duty. In the economy of society there is certainly a divine order which it is quite important for us to find. In all this we should agree. As to what that order is, and the mode of ascertaining it, we should probably differ. It is quite common for conservative writers to assume that the existing relation of the sexes is the divine order. This mere assumption Dr. Albert seems to accept as a finality. Herein, we think, he is mistaken. The relation of the sexes, in many of its details, has been determined by custom. Our law comes down from old time, and in many instances has nothing better to stand on than venerated prejudices. That God has made the sexes to differ is quite true, but whether He has ordered the existing condition, is the point in issue.

But if we do not accept the existing order as the divine, how shall we be sure of the true order? Why not let each one find it out for himself or herself? What right have you to impose your idea of the divine order on any one else? You may settle it for yourself; you may not settle it for another. If our brethren in the South accept Dr. Albert's assumption, they make a great mistake, and bar the way of progress.

The Religious World.

—One hundred Australians have volunteered for service in connection with the China Island Mission.

—The Ohio Wesleyan University has enjoyed a gracious revival since the day of prayer for colleges.

—The congregation of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, has decided to build a new church up town.

—Our Indian Mission Conference covers territorially 83,000,000 acres, embraces 75 appointments, and reports 90 churches built during 1890.

—At a recent meeting of London Wesleyan ministers, problems affecting Methodism were discussed, and increased attention to social questions was urged.

—In the Jewish Church circles of King's Daughters are being formed under the name of Daughters of Israel, wearing the same badge and engaging in similar lines of work.

—Dr. Pentecost is greatly encouraged in his evangelistic tour of India. In Calcutta the services are held in the opera house, the natives and English and American residents co-operating.

—Twenty-six lepers were recently baptized at Parulla (Chota Nagpore), India, making in all 118 lepers received into the church since the commencement of the asylum there two years ago.

—Alexander Kerr has presented the property of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, worth nearly \$40,000, to the congregation as a memorial to his son, Alexander Martin Kerr.

—Rev. Hiram Bingham, of the American Board, has just completed the translation of the Old Testament into the language of the Gilbert Islanders, seventeen years after translating the New Testament.

—"Five words," says Dr. Pierson, "describe the biography of women in Eastern lands: Unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood, unprotected in old age, unlamented when dead."

—The Salvation Army has opened a large room in Amsterdam, Holland, and is doing much to relieve the distress of the city. The King of Denmark has given fifty kronas to Major Wilson, of the Army, to help the work in Denmark.

—In the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, on a recent Sunday, a beautiful window was unveiled, with impressive services, as a memorial of Dr. G. W. Bethune, the former pastor of the church, Dr. Storrs making the address.

—Dean Hoffman, of New York city, has presented to the library of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church the large, superbly-executed work, "Description of Egypt," published by the French government.

—Among the King's Daughters there is a movement to erect a building in connection with Atlanta University, Ga., in which colored girls shall live during the senior year and be taught practical house-keeping. The sum of \$6,000 is needed for this benevolent purpose.

—Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey, of the Genesee Conference, has been elected an honorary member of the American Society of Comparative Religion, and has also been invited to become a member of the ninth International Congress of Orientalists, which convenes in London next September.

—Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, of which Rev. Dr. Huntington is rector, has twenty distinct organizations. It is served by six clergymen, including the rector, and the total expenditure for the year was about \$107,112—\$32,563 being for parish expenses, and \$74,549 for outside purposes.

—Last summer all the Norwegian Lutherans of America, with the exception of part of the Old Synod, united in organizing the "United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America." In the autumn a fine Union Seminary was established, and with the new year the publication of a 16-page weekly was begun—the *Lutheran Kirkeblad*, edited by the theological faculty.

—The *Heathen Woman's Friend* says: "In Jaffa, Ceylon, the Christian women take from the portion of rice daily measured out for the family food a double handful and put it into a bag hanging against the wall for an offering to God's work. A heathen priest heard of the practice and commended it, introducing it among the heathen women, and from their offerings, in time, a temple was built. This shows how little things aggregate and become powers for good or evil."

Our Book Table.

THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By Geo. B. Stevens, Ph. D., D. D., The Student Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn. Price, \$1.25.

This is a very scholarly, comprehensive, and philosophical study of the Epistle to the Galatians. Previous to the comments, verse by verse, the author introduces a valuable analysis and paraphrase of each chapter; and in this way, if the student will read through these analyses, he will get an excellent idea of the argument of the whole book. Perhaps nowhere can be found a clearer presentation of the conditions under which Paul wrote the Epistle, and the reasons why he wrote as he did. Whenever there is much dispute about a passage, Dr. Stevens has inserted the opinions of various representatives, in order that the student may select what seems to him to be the best interpretation; and wherever he deems it valuable, he has inserted in parentheses the Greek text, which will help the critical student to see the closer or more literal meaning of the original. The whole volume is a contribution to Biblical study.

THE BIBLE ABRIDGED. Arranged by Rev. David Greene Haskins, S. T. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This volume embraces, in unique form, an attempt at the Harmony of the Gospels not only, but of the whole Bible. It is divided into lessons, each taking up some particular portion and giving the Bible account of it; as, e. g., in the Old Testament: Lesson 31. Miriam's Song—Mara; and in the New Testament: Lesson 249. The Prodigal Son. There are no comments. It is designed for use of schools, and for family worship. It is not the whole Bible, but selections from it. But when the author declares that he has left out all obscure and difficult passages, the most cursory examination of the book proves that he has not, unless he means those which are obscure and difficult to him. This, however, does not materially affect the value of the volume.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE. By Joseph Parker, D. D., London. New York: Funk & Wagnall. Price, \$1.50.

This new volume (XIII) of the People's Bible has for its subject "The Proverbs," which are treated with the scholarly and homiletical power for which Dr. Parker is so eminent. No one can read this book without having new thoughts cluster about these old proverbs, and finding them come with a fresh application to the needs and problems of modern, common life. The volume is a gem, and it becomes "A Sacred Sermon on Foresight," now and striking. "False Weights" represents "The Lord watching on both sides of the counter"—a religion of commercial honesty. Other striking topics are: "Soul Winning," "The Discipline of Knowledge," "Women, Wise and Foolish," "The Scriptural Doctrine of Conscience," "Self-restraint," "Mischievous Lips," "Strength of Character," "Opportunity and Obligation," etc. For ministers the book is full of homiletical material in its best shape—of suggestion rather than statement, and every Sunday-school teacher would find it starting him on fresh topics.

THE BOOK ISRAEL. By Rev. George Adam Smith, M. A., Vol. II. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, \$1.50.

This volume is as able and scholarly as the previous one. It goes as minutely, though not as tediously, into the facts of the great book of Isaiah, the conditions of its production, and the purposes of its testimony. He believes that these twenty-seven chapters—40-66—which he treats in this book, were written "from a century and a half later than Isaiah himself, in a style and on subjects not altogether the same as his, and as accordingly presents a somewhat different method of exposition from the previous volumes, a few words of introduction are again necessary." According to the author, these twenty-seven chapters deal with the people in exile, partly in servitude, and with no civil life. He is, therefore, in his view, in accord with the opinions of the Higher Criticism on the Book of Isaiah. We regret to say that the author is sometimes obscure. His style is such that it is hard to reach his meaning.

LITERATURE IN ROMANCE, or, Corradino, the Last of the Hohenstaufens. Translated from the German of Levin Schücking, by Mrs. Eudora Lundy Shaw, M. A. Thayer & Co., Boston. Price, \$2.50.

An historical romance of power and vividness. It is, in a sense, a part of the life of the great reformer put into the form of a story; and that the most important part, namely, when he was in the period of transformation from a monk to a reformer. There is not much trash about the book, but good, solid reading, in which, too, is more than one thread of interest. Luther, Rome, the Papacy, are three pivots on which a story of great strength can be made to revolve, and in this Schücking has made a marked success. The translation is smooth and easy.

THE TOWN MEETING. A Manual of Massachusetts Law. By Austin De Wolf. Boston: George B. Reed. Price, \$2.

This manual—a compilation of statutes and decisions—brings together in convenient form for use and reference the laws, statute and common, applicable to town meetings. It is a book that will be especially valuable to town officers in our State of Massachusetts, and it includes even the legislation of 1890. Upon all subjects which appertain to the government of a town, this manual speaks clearly and succinctly. If law is enacted to be kept, then this little work of Mr. De Wolf should be owned by every town in the State, and, better still, by every town officer.

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT. By Charles Carleton Coffin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume of Mr. Coffin brings to the close his capital story of the war; and it embraces, therefore, those thrilling, sad and fearful occurrences which closed the Rebellion. This book, like its predecessors, is written in a popular style, and is intended to give the people a readable, accurate, and interesting account of the war. There are abundant illustrations, which are, in a popular history, a recommendation. At the end of each chapter are "Notes," from which the reader can learn of books of reference, if they wish to read upon any special subject. Mr. Coffin has done a good and memorable work in these chronicles of '61-'65.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vol. VIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In this volume, Mr. Lecky takes up the Irish Rebellion and the subsequent union. The period is one of the most significant in Anglo-Irish history, and one whose effects are felt even to-day. Have not Emmet, O'Connell, and McCormick in Ireland to-day? And is not the present agitation against Ireland the natural development of '98? But Mr. Lecky, in this book, has brought out so picturesquely and strongly the sharp outlines of this great struggle, and has so clearly photographed the leading characters in it, that one has only to read in order to see the mistakes of the Irish party, and the extreme folly of exclusively following with bigotry any political theory, however plausible it may

Magazines and Periodicals.

The New England Magazine for the current month offers the following as the chief papers of interest: "The Old Masters of Boston," by Samuel L. Gerry; "A Model New England Village" (St. Johnsbury), by Edwin A. Starr; "Experience of a New England Clergyman during the Revolution," by Mrs. Amelia Leavitt Hill; "The Rindge Gifts to Cambridge," by Ashton K. Willard; and "Colored Churches and Schools in the South," by Lillie B. Chase Wyman. Stories, poetry, etc., fill up a good number. New England Magazine Corporation: Boston, 85 Federal St.

Two issues of Sun and Shade—for December and January—come by the same mail, and are filled with art treasures. The December is the Christmas number, and most of the plates are pertinent to the season, including: "A Merry Christmas," Millais; "Christmas Eve," "We Praise Thee, O Lord," "A Christmas Gathering in the Old Time," "Winter's Touch on Land and Sea," "A Russian Wedding Feast," "The Day and Joan," and "An Allegory." The January number is very attractive, presenting eight photographs, including: "The Cornice," "Brother and Sister" (Bouguereau); "Shore Road—Seneca Lake," "In the La Mancha Desert, Spain," "A Hero" (from the painting by E. Bouguereau); "Brushing with Hasty Steps the Dew Away," "Mabel," and a page devoted to the interesting "Amateur Competition." Sun and Shade is a peerless art periodical in its unique field. Price, 40 cents a number. N. Y. Photo-gravure Co.: 137 West 23d St., New York.

The February number of the Magazine of American History has much of interest. There is a sketch and portrait of Sir Rodolph Impey Murchison. Hon. John Jay, LL. D., emphasizes "The Demand for Education in American History." Rev. Dr. F. Lamson writes interestingly of "Emigration from New England to New Brunswick, 1763-1764." Emanuel Spencer gives the history of carriages, which many will be anxious to read. Stephen B. Weeks, Ph. D., has a bright and valuable paper on "Raleigh's Settlements on Roanoke Island." The other pages of this able monthly are filled with most readable matter. 743 Broadway, New York.

The Preachers' Magazine is a new periodical edited by Mark Guy Pearse and Arthur E. Gregory. It opens well indeed, with able and timely articles which will be especially helpful to clergymen of all denominations. Wilbur B. Ketchum: 13 Cooper Union, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Prof. H. C. Sheldon, Boston University, ably discusses "Papal Infallibility in the Light of History," in the *Andover Review*. Prof. Jacob G. Schuman indicates what is "The Ideal College Education." Stephen Henry Thayer has a sketch of "Alexander Smith," H. S. Pomeroy, M. D., picks "The Mathewsian Idea," and lets the good old Rev. George F. Gunguisard's article, "The Theology of a Sacred Day," is a discussion of the Sabbath question. This is an excellent number of the *Andover*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The January New Englander opens with a discussion of "Presidential Elections—A Suggestion with Regard to the Election of the President," by Linton Salterthwaite, esq. Dr. J. P. C. Foster offers a philosophical method of paper on "Suggestion and Hypnotism." Geo. A. Butler answers recently in the negative the question, "Shall we have an Income Tax?" Prof. William North Rice, Wesleyan University, discusses "The Degree of Probability of Scientific Beliefs," and Prof. Henry M. Goodwin examines the position of "Cicerone as a Spiritual Philosopher." New Haven: William L. Kingsley.

Ernest de Bunsen has a second paper on "Papal Tradition," discussing Paul, in the *February Antiquarian Review*. H. S. Tolman presents pleasantly "The Fatherhood of God as Seen by Modern Faith." Cornelia W. Cyr gives a graphic sketch of "Sects in Russia." Clement Pike reviews the influence of Frederick Denison Maurice on liberal theology. J. Frederick Dupont portrays "Emerson's Optimism." Nobuta Kishimoto gives a view of "Our Mission-field in Japan." Boston, 141 Franklin St.

The Review of Reviews—Mr. Stead's great monthly—for January lies on our table, crowded with news of all kinds, timely discussions of vital subjects, and a review of the most important papers in the *Reviews*. It represents a most advanced in current magazine literature. New York: The Critic Company, 32-34 Lafayette Place.

Both in its pictures and stories the January *Plenary* is a cheerful, interesting. Every child will be delighted with its pages. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.

The *Companion* brightly opens the new year. The People's Palace in London, a descriptive paper by Elizabeth Island, and "Mademoiselle Révéla," by Julien Gordon, perhaps take leading positions of interest, but "Don Gracías," a story by John J. A. Beckett; "Some Famous Harbors of the Past," by Charles E. L. Wingate; "The Transatlantic Trip," by William H. Ride; "Australia" (No. 1), by Henry George; and "German Student Life," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, are each fine papers. And this is only a part of the rich contents. New York: Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 29th St.

Two articles on Finland—finely illustrated—by Henry Lansell, D. D., and Albert Edelstein, with two very interesting papers, also beautifully illustrated: "The Heart of the Desert," by Charles Dudley Warner; and "Smyth's Channel and the Strait of Magellan," by Theodore Child, are the chief attractions in the current *Harper's*. Bishop Hurst has a scholarly paper on "English Writers in India." Charles Egbert Clark, dock continues her characteristic story entitled, "In the Stranger People's Country." "The Faith of President Lincoln" is hardly the title for a capital political paper by L. E. Chittenden. Edward Everett Hale furnishes a delightful story, "Both the House," as does Geraldine Bonner, "The House." Then there are other interesting papers. Harper Bros.: New York.

Public Opinion, the eclectic weekly of Washington and New York, has just announced the offer of three cash prizes of \$150, \$100, and \$50 respectively for the best three essays upon the question: "Is any extension and development of trade between the United States and Canada desirable? If so, what are the best means of promoting it?" The topic is particularly timely and the contest will doubtless attract considerable attention. Full particulars may be had by addressing the publishers of *Public Opinion* at either New York or Washington.

The February *Home-Maker* is filled with entertaining and instructive matter pertinent to the home. "Hester Prynne" is the subject of the frontispiece this month. In the

illustrated series of "Typical Homes of America," the "Craic House" in Cambridge is described. M. G. McQuelland presents the opening chapters of a new serial entitled, "Up to Summerville Gap." There are sketches, stories, poems, practical talks on art, photography, architecture, health, books, fashions, etc., with the usual Cycle Department correspondence and queries. Home-Maker Company: 44 East Fourteenth St., New York.

As usual, the *Ladies' Home Journal* for the current month overflows with good reading of special interest to women. All departments of home life receive attention, and the list of contributors is a notable one, including Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, J. Macdonald O'Leary, Edward Bellamy, George W. Cable, Rose Terry Cooke, Sister Rose Gertrude (who relates the experiences of her "Work among the Lepers"), Emma C. Thurlby, Iralo Campanelli, Clara Louise Kellogg, Josiah Allen's Wife, T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., Mrs. Margaret Bottoms, Oliver Optic—but we must stop with the galaxy of talent but partially enumerated. Surely, the immense popularity of this magazine, under its cultivated young editor, can cause no surprise. Curtis Publishing Company: Philadelphia.

Talleyrand's memoirs are continued in the current *Century*. "The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mills" is a melancholy, if truthful, picture by Clara de Graffenried. Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Joel Chandler Harris furnish short stories, while James Lane Allen concludes "Sister Dolores." F. Hopkinson Smith continues "Colonel Carter of Canbyville," and the ward Eggleston, felicitously open, "The Faith Doctor." There are four choice papers on California—by Gen. John Bidwell, John S. Hittell, Charles B. Gillespie, and E. C. Kemble. Charles de Kay furnishes an art paper on "Theodore Rousseau and the French Landscape School," and George R. Parkin writes about "The Workingman in Australia," while "Northern Tibet and the Yellow River" is the title of an entertaining paper by W. Woodville Rockhill. "A Month of the Death of Wendell Phillips," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, deserves special mention for its beauty and strength. The rest of the magazine is at the usual high standard. The Century Co.: Union Square, New York.

Obituaries.

Brown—Rev. Samuel Carter Brown, D. D., died in Warren, R. I., Dec. 2, 1890. He was the son of Samuel and Dorcas (Jordan) Brown, and was born at Saccarapass (Westbrook), Maine, July 12, 1818.

His parents were Congregationalists, and he was baptized in infancy by their pastor. When, at fourteen, he was converted, they were strongly opposed to his association with the Methodists, and with great reluctance consented to his joining the Methodist Episcopal Church. His early studies were pursued in the public schools and at Thayer Academy in his native town; and in 1837 he entered Maine Wesleyan Seminary, where he continued his course of education for three years. Here, in 1838, this writer formed with him an acquaintance which afterward ripened into a friendship which he continued and grew in intimacy until his death. After leaving the last named institution, while remaining at his home, he pursued a course of theological reading and of earnest labor in the church, in association with Dr. Traflet, then his pastor, and cordially and efficiently co-operated with him in promoting the spiritual and material prosperity of the parish. During this interval he was, in 1840, licensed as a local preacher. He was one of three or four young men who, about this time, accompanied Dr. B. F. Telford to East Greenwich with a view to the reorganization and reestablishment of Kent Academy, which had been purchased for a Seminary under the auspices of the (then) Providence Conference. Mr. Brown was professor of moral science and belles lettres. At the same time he was pastor of the village church for two years. In 1844 he was admitted to the Annual Conference, and was regularly appointed for two additional years to the pastoral care of the same parish. After a brief service in the itinerary, in which his health became impaired, he was again appointed to a teacher's chair in the Seminary, and two years later resigned pastoral work, which he continued in nine full terms of two years each, and two terms of four years each as presiding elder.

Dr. Brown was honored by his Conference with five elections as secretary, three times as delegate to the General Conference, in 1860, '64, '68, and in 1872 as reserve delegate. The General Conference of 1868 chose him as the representative of the church at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada held in 1870. In 1864 Genesee College conferred on him an honorary degree of Master of Arts; and in 1864 the State University of Indiana made him Doctor in Divinity.

In 1865 he purchased a home in Warren, R. I., in which he ever after continued to reside, and dispensed a generous and open-handed hospitality to all his friends. He was especially delighted to receive his brethren in the ministry. He was married, in 1850, to Maria Russell, of New Bedford, who proved a helpmate indeed in both his domestic and public relations, and to whom he made a most judicious and successful selection of his successor in the parish of his election year by year, so long as health and strength for the duties remained to him.

Though for some time in failing health, the end came unexpectedly. On Thursday, Nov. 13, he visited Boston for business and to attend the meetings of the Missionary Committee; and on the following Monday was seized with sudden prostration. For several years he had been suffering from organic disease of the heart, complicated with some other complaints, and the attacks of heart-failure caused by his sudden prostration caused the gravest apprehension. From the first he sank rapidly, though perfectly conscious until a short time before the end. He left tender messages for absent relatives and friends, and to his brethren in the conference he wished to say he died in peace with all men, and with a good hope of immortal life through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Brown's early religious experience was so clear and satisfactory that the impressions and convictions at first acquired were never shaken, and he remained with him to have directed his religious sentiments and opinions to the last. How often, in moments of perplexity and doubt about matters of care and responsibility, has he been heard to ejaculate expressions of confidence in the goodness of God and in the leadership of the Divine Providence; and in the intimacy of friendly converse on the mooted questions in prevalent religious thought, he would always fall back on the plainly-revealed facts of scripture, and especially on his personal trust in the divine Savior.

His style of preaching was not controversial, and for the most part could hardly be described as argumentative, but was persuasive and winning; his language was simple and beautiful; his illustrations apt, and often in phrases of elegant poetry. In all, or nearly all, of his pastorates his work was attended with more or less success in the revival of religion and the conversion of souls. He had a rare gift of address to himself. He was a friend among all classes of people. His cheerful spirit, amiable manners, cultured

style, and quiet humor, drew into his circle many who were led by the attractions with which his religious convictions were clothed to accept the faith to which he invited them. His friendships were life-long; those who became attached to him in youth retained their love for him always; and in many in various places sincerely mourn as the tidings of his death reached them.

Colburn.—Rev. S. H. Colburn, M. D., was born in Lyme, N. H., July 1, 1815, and died in Athol, Mass., Aug. 22, 1890.

Thirty years ago the coming spring the writer met for the first time with the Vermont Conference annual session. Among the men of acknowledged ability (then in his 34th year) was the subject of this sketch. His early education was chiefly acquired in the public schools of Nashua. Subsequently he was a student in Phillips Academy, Andover. At an early age he learned the printer's trade, and while quite young embarked in the newspaper business. At the age of twenty-five he was admitted into the Vermont Conference, and for fifteen years was regularly employed as a Methodist itinerant, being one of the ablest in the body. For several years he was one of its secretaries. Where a minister expected to do nothing but preach, Dr. Colburn would probably have sought no other occupation; for he loved to preach. But he was different, and excelled when in the company of familiar persons, he was slightly restrained. Not excelling in social qualities, the outside work of the parish became to a measure his home. Being intensely studious, and having, perhaps, a special liking for medicine, he soon became proficient as a practitioner, and in 1867 he retired from the pastorate, attended a medical college, and after graduation became a physician of regular practice of the homoeopathic school. Yet on account of his ability, and the esteem in which the Conference held him, he retained his standing in the body until 1871, when at his own request he was located. He was an earnest advocate of temperance, and an ardent lover of Methodism, especially of its ministers, for whom he could never do too much. By those only slightly acquainted with him he was wrongly judged as cold and ungenial; but to those who knew him intimately, he was a true friend, a genial companion, and a man of noble generosity. Intimate association with him through two pastoral terms afforded opportunity to see his early studies were pursued in the public schools and at Thayer Academy in his native town; and in 1837 he entered Maine Wesleyan Seminary, where he continued his course of education for three years. Here, in 1838, this writer formed with him an acquaintance which afterward ripened into a friendship which he continued and grew in intimacy until his death. After leaving the last named institution, while remaining at his home, he pursued a course of theological reading and of earnest labor in the church, in association with Dr. Traflet, then his pastor, and cordially and efficiently co-operated with him in promoting the spiritual and material prosperity of the parish. During this interval he was, in 1840, licensed as a local preacher. He was one of three or four young men who, about this time, accompanied Dr. B. F. Telford to East Greenwich with a view to the reorganization and reestablishment of Kent Academy, which had been purchased for a Seminary under the auspices of the (then) Providence Conference. Mr. Brown was professor of moral science and belles lettres. At the same time he was pastor of the village church for two years. In 1844 he was admitted to the Annual Conference, and was regularly appointed for two additional years to the pastoral care of the same parish. After a brief service in the itinerary, in which his health became impaired, he was again appointed to a teacher's chair in the Seminary, and two years later resigned pastoral work, which he continued in nine full terms of two years each, and two terms of four years each as presiding elder.

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The *Traveller*, in its Monday issue, has a remarkable paper by Prof. A. A. Wright

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The Family.

THE SURE DEFENCE.

HARRIET NEWELL SWANWICK.

A trial case without a note of warning,
Confronted me, as in the peaceful dawning
I opened grateful eyes;
Then, like a frightened bird, that dies with startled cry
From sudden danger on the ground to tree-top high,
So did my spirit rise.

I looked to One above, with earnest pleading,
My burdened, fluttering heart followed His leading
Through darkest of dark days;
In silence waited, listening for an answer word,
While faith's pure flame burned low, nor yet a voice I heard—
Past finding out His ways!

Night came; the stars looked down on burden falling—
On face upturned, no more for refuge calling,
But full of trust renewed;
And tears, bright happy tears, washed off all stains of grief;
Faith's fire leaped high, burned strong, its faintness was but brief;
Love sings its gratitude!

DROWNED.

Down upon the beach of sand,
When the night's drowsy storm was o'er,
And the morning's tender hand
Touched with light the wreck-strewn shore,
Fishers in their suits of gray
Found her body where it lay
Cold and lifeless on the shore.

Beautiful was she, and fair;
Pale as marble, and her hair
Seemed like golden threads just spun
From a summer noon-day sun;
And the curls of her eyes
Fastened down by fringe of gold
Hid the tiny azure skies
Underneath their velvet fold.
Scarce a dozen summers old
Was this little maid they found,
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

So the fishers sadly spread
On the beach a ragged cord;
Laid upon it heavily dead;
Lifted her into their boat.
Tearfully, these fishers brown
Roved in silence to the town,
Where the busy, bustling throng,
Half in sorrow, half in song,
On its way moves up and down.

In the holy chapel place,
With a smile upon her face,
Like an angel did she seem
Smiling in a happy dream!
Now the fishers hear the psalms
Of the solemn mass steel
Through the chapel's scented air;
Now with heavy hearts they kneel
While the good priest lifts his prayer
For their little maiden there.

"Till e'en the wildest Gadarene,
Looking upon us from above
In Thy mercy while we pray!
Dost a mother far away
Long to see her child again?
Heal, O God, her grief with love!
Comfort with Thy blessed grace
All who miss this little one!
Bless, O God, these fishermen!
Fill their hearts with love; and when
They like this fair child shall sleep—
When life's rugged bill and steep
Shall be climbed—we pray Thee, take
Them to Thee, for Jesus' sake!
For His sake, kind God, Amen.
Then the fishers said: 'Amen.'
'Twas as if an angel step
In the chapel where she slept.

When the service was dismissed,
Came the fishers old, and kissed—
Kissed her tenderly, and wept.

She was laid beneath a tree
Near the ever-sobbing sea;
Where the breeze in summer-time
Sings and tells in saddest rhyme,
How this little rose unknown,
Roved the ocean's swelling wave;
To the sandy shore was blown;
How the fishers came to weep,
How they put forth on the deep,
Here beside the little grave!

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, in Independent.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern to-day!
The dead past had its dreams; the real is thine.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Every man's thinking machine necessarily makes him walk close to great intellectual perils. It is a sad thing not to think. It is more awful to think. Emerson says, "Beware when God lets a thinker loose among men." I walked with a friend lately among electrical dynamos. One had to walk carefully. Beware how you touch this band, or that wheel. It is death-charged. The dynamos were lighting the city. But walking among the wheels was to be in deadly jeopardy. Thinking lights the world. And yet the thinking machine deals out equally light and death; use the machine rightly, it will flood your path with light; use it wrongly, it is a thunderbolt to smite you. It will strike you stone blind. When I see skeptics sneering at a future life, I say to myself: "Poor fellows, God gave them dynamos to generate light to pierce through the grave. They have used them to make thunderbolts for their own destruction." —Rev. C. L. Thompson, D. D.

"Her face was pinched and pale and thin.
But splendor struck it from within."
Splendor from within! It is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendor without. Trust that inevitable law of self-expression. Be, not seem! Be to seem! Be beautiful, and you will by and by seem so. Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robing-room, the sculptor's work-shop. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul—the face catches the glow only from that side. It is the spirit's beauty that makes the best face, even for the evening's company; and spirit's beauty is the only beauty that outlasts the work and wear and pain of life. The single prayer worth praying in this connection is that of Socrates, the ugly man: "Ye gods, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man; and that whatever outward things I have may be in harmony with those within!" —Rev. W. C. Gannett.

"God's ways are high above our ways—
So shall we learn at length,
And tune our lives to sing His praise—
With all our mind, might, strength."
About our devious paths of ill
He sets His serene decrees,
And works the wonders of His will
Through pains and promises.

Strange are the mysteries He employs,
Yet He His love will trust,
Though it should blight our dearest joys,
And bruise us into dust.
—Alice Cary.

What did Jesus Christ call "seeing life?"
He lifted up His eyes and looked abroad,
And life was full of the spirit of His Father,
And intensely interesting to Him, absorbing in every direction. There never came a fear to Him, lest, if He were not profligate, abandoning His life to luxury and idleness and sin, the world would fall upon Him, and there would be nothing left for Him to do—nothing left for those hands that were forever being claimed by human need; nothing left for those feet that were forever being summoned to errands which they could not refuse, in order to accomplish which they must leave everything else behind; nothing left for those eyes to see, when there was the deeper truth of God's love and the deeper depth of human nature for them to be looking

into every moment. Ah, if there is any delusion in a man's soul that Jesus Christ discards, is it not that that life has no interest apart from profligacy, frivolity, and sin? He who knows the true interest of life enters into the freedom of Christ, and leaves the stains behind him slipping from his garments, and goes forth into the full light of the freedom of God. —Phillips Brooks.

How little it is to give! It is, in appearance, only a little tenderness in the voice that the spirit that needs it recognizes, though it could hardly tell how it recognized it. It is simply that the soul shows herself for a moment at her window and the wayfarer looks, and by a sudden recognition sees her there, and knows that it is her care for him that brought her there. It is only a something, we hardly know what, in the grasp of the hand, an electric thrill that shows that it is no mere formality, but that it is a touch of life; that the hand is warm from the heart. This is all it is to give. But what is it to receive? It is often nothing less than a new life. Here is a poor, suffering soul that feels itself cut off from the common and glad circle of humanity. The common joys and the common life seem not for it. It seems to itself like one shivering apart, while the merry groups of happier ones rejoice in the warm sunlight, and in the play of free and kindly intercourse. But when this solitary soul meets the touch or the look of sympathy, its isolation is over. It is by this drawn into the common circle of humanity. The common brotherhood reaches it also.

Perhaps this lonely soul had felt itself forgotten even by God. Perhaps it saw no sign that He still remembered it. But by this greeting of hearty interest, by this touch of sympathy, of compassion, of fellowship, in a word, if God Himself spoke to it. It is as if He had sent one of His angels to speak to it good cheer; for if one of His children cares for it and loves it, it feels that the Father Himself cannot have forgotten it. —Dr. C. C. Everett.

They who are living in the Spirit are in the best and highest sense the saints of God. These are they in whom, even if the struggle be not over, yet the essential victory is won; they who can identify themselves absolutely with the best and highest parts of their own nature; they whom the angel holds by the hand and not the serpent by the heart; they in whom the ingrafted vine has taken the place of the innate and unregenerate Adam. The love of God to man is beautifully manifested in the sunset, in the blue sky, in the morning and evening star; but nowhere is it mirrored with such winning loveliness as in a holy soul. The world could do without great heroes, even without great discoverers; it could not do without the saints of God. They are the salt of the earth; they are the kindled light on a golden candlestick; they are a city set upon a hill. They alone have proved to us that virtue is possible; that it is possible, by the grace of God, to reach the noblest of ideals. They have shown that life may be grand and happy and divine.

"Till e'en the wildest Gadarene,
Looking upon us from above
In Thy mercy while we pray!
Dost a mother far away
Long to see her child again?
Heal, O God, her grief with love!
Comfort with Thy blessed grace
All who miss this little one!
Bless, O God, these fishermen!
Fill their hearts with love; and when
They like this fair child shall sleep—
When life's rugged bill and steep
Shall be climbed—we pray Thee, take
Them to Thee, for Jesus' sake!
For His sake, kind God, Amen.
Then the fishers said: 'Amen.'
'Twas as if an angel step
In the chapel where she slept.

CONGRATULATIONS.

BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD.

THE fact of the submission of the "Woman's Question" to a popular vote, shows that the General Conference of 1888 believed that no Scriptural rule would be violated by constituting women a part of the law-making body of the church. Had that Conference believed otherwise, it would not have given to anybody the opportunity to vote in favor of making void the law of God.

The lay vote has been cast, and though not yet reported in full, it indicates that the large majority of those voting favor the admission of women to membership in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is as we have earnestly wished it might be, and our strong hope now is that the full returns may work no change in the result, but may, on the contrary, exhibit a largely-increased majority "in favor."

In view of the present report and of the probable final showing, we extend congratulations—
1. To the female laymen. The sign is that the middle wall is to be broken down—that in the future the women of the church, as well as the men, are to have a voice in the making of the laws by which they are to be bound. Government by the people, as well as of and for the people, is likely to have a new illustration.

2. To the male laymen. The entire responsibility of law-making has rested, and still rests, upon the men. They may, however, indulge the hope that this responsibility will soon be shared by others. "Help-meet" will be provided. The men will also be relieved from the embarrassment of trying to explain the justice of requiring women to "contribute of their earthly substance" toward the support of a government in whose management they have no voice. Taxation without representation is not approved.

3. To the ministers. When the question of lay representation was first presented, large numbers of ministers were willing to grant such representation as soon as they could know that the laity wished it. And so, many ministers have declared that they would favor the admission of women as lay representatives if they could have evidence that such admission was desired by the laity. The ministers are to be congratulated upon now having the coveted evidence. The desire of the lay voters, as emphatically expressed by their ballots, is that sex shall not, any more than nationality or color, prevent either the election or the seating of any person who in the judgment of the laity is competent to represent them in the supreme council of the church.

4. To the church at large. The church still stands for true progress. She is not satisfied with the grand things she has already done for women, but will prosecute the work still further—even to a glorious completion. In the various positions of honor and responsibility to which the women of Methodism have been called, they have acquitted themselves so nobly that now there is forming a purpose to call them into the highest councils, where they may make even fuller proof of their wisdom and devotion. When such proof is given, as it soon will be, sister churches that have hesitated will hesitate no longer, but will avail themselves of the benefits of woman's counsel and aid in the enactment of ecclesiastical laws.

5. To the nation. The church has given the nation an example of placing the ballot in the hands of woman, and woman has shown how wisely she can cast it. The promise now

is that the country will soon be permitted to see in the legislation of the Methodist Episcopal Church examples of the ability of woman to grasp and act upon the largest questions that may arise. Thus may the nation be encouraged to mete out to the women of the land the justice that is their due. Then shall all nations feel the impulse, and women everywhere will experience an uplift that will result in blessings upon the race and in glory to God.

Let us have equal rights in fact as well as in theory. Let us open every door to woman. That she is competent to be President is evident from the fact that she grandly rules as Queen.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has broken the first ground for the erection of the art and archaeological museum which is to be a part of the great Leland Stanford (Jr.) University at Palo Alto, Cal. The university is to be open equally to men and women, its equipment is to be as complete as money can make it, and the cost of the maintenance for each pupil is not to exceed the small sum of \$200 a year.

Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill ("Joan Kinsaid") has succeeded Mrs. Sallie Joy White as president of the New England Woman's Press Association.

It may be a matter of surprise to some, says the *Christian Union*, to know that in 1772 a woman, Miss Virginia Reid, owned and edited the *Virginia Gazette*, a paper devoted to the colonial cause. A Mrs. R. Boyle two years later established a rival journal devoted to the Royalist cause. To-day there is hardly a paper in the country that has not a woman on its staff, if it is large enough to have a staff.

A party of fifty young Englishwomen will start at once for Western Australia, under the auspices of the British Women's Emigration Association. The colony is as large as France, the climate healthy, and the colonists prosperous; but there is such a lack of women that the government has taken pity on the housekeepers who can get no help and the bachelors who can find no wives, and the passages of the women emigrants are to be paid.

There is an extract from a love letter written by Professor Calvin E. Stowe to his wife, and published in the "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," which might stand as a criterion of feminine perfection, and one which every woman would find it immeasurably to her profit to emulate. He says: "There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self-conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?"

Mrs. Meinders, wife of the captain of the sailing ship "Johanna," is at present praised as a heroine in Germany. On the third day of last April the "Johanna" left Port Louis for the Island of Mauritius. Two days later yellow fever developed on board the boat. One man after the other succumbed to the disease until finally only the pilot and captain remained well. Soon, however, the captain was confined to his bed with the terrible disease, and Mrs. Meinders, in consequence, took command of the vessel. She divided her time between the sick beds and the wheel, which she guided with enviable skill. Heavy storms added to the difficulty of her unexpected task. They waged so fiercely, in fact, that the brave woman was obliged, with the aid of the pilot, to throw 250 sacks of sugar into the sea in order to lighten the ballast. The sails, too, were torn into shreds. At last, damaged and worn, the good ship arrived at Fremantle, South Australia. Mrs. Meinders was completely exhausted from loss of sleep. She recovered soon, however, and found her husband restored to health. She had saved his life and that of the sailors.

Our Girls.

GERTRUDE WESTMINSTER.

CAN YOU PLAY AND BE A CHRISTIAN?

"NOW, really, Harriet, do you think it is wrong to play cards as we do, just you and I together?"

"No, Clayton, I can't see any harm in it." "The fellows pester me more than a little, and I have thought a good deal about it lately, but I can't see any harm in it. I never played outside my own home before, but I don't see how I can get any harm playing casino with you."

This conversation occurred between a boy and a girl at a summer resort. Clayton Ware quite frequently came over to the Sumner cottage, and usually they played cards.

Clayton had recently started to be a Christian, and Harriet, who had been longer in the way, had quite an influence over him, so it was not strange that he should ask her opinion about card-playing.

The first of September they separated, until a casual meeting in the spring. As they were walking together, the summer rambles became a topic of conversation.

"By the way, Harriet, I heard through my sister that you had given up card-playing," said Clayton.

"Yes, I have," answered Harriet.

"But why?" questioned Ware.

"Because I cannot be a Christian and play," was Harriet's concise reply.

After a few moments he asked: "Do you mean that any one who plays cards is not a Christian?"

"By no means. But for me it is wrong; I cannot influence others as I want to, and still participate in that which is such a great, and at the same time useless, pleasure."

"Well, you are very foolish—pardon me for saying what I think."
With this they separated.

Harriet Sumner was seated in a Boston-bound train one September day, over a year from the time they met in the street, when in trooped a half-dozen college boys. All the way into the city they laughed hilariously over their cards, Clayton Ware as loud as the rest of his chums. Harriet thought if Clayton would ask her advice about card-playing now, she would answer him very differently than she did two years before! But he did not. By this time he had formed his own opinions upon the subject, and acted accordingly. Being in the wrong when her opportunity to influence him came, she only led him farther from the light. Now it was too late! Would she ever have an opportunity to undo the wrong she had done? No, probably never.

Following year that the family stopped at a small town in the eastern part of Montana to stay awhile with Mr. Sumner's brother who was the owner of an extensive ranch there.

A few days after their arrival, one of the sons proposed to Harriet a horseback ride through the canyon, which greatly delighted her. Accordingly the next day at sunrise they started. When within a short distance of the canyon, a party of cowboys who were herding cattle that were grazing in the lowlands, sprang up before them and cried, "Halt!" They drew up their horses, but Chester was assisted in this action by two of the ruffians. Harriet, not knowing what else to do, whipped up her mare, but one of the desperadoes put his horse in front of her and aimed.

"Harriet Sumner!" cried the fellow, and he motioned to the others to withhold their shots.

Harriet had fallen from her horse terrified, but the cowboy sprang to lift her and bear her to a stream that ran near, having beckoned his followers to hold her horse.

A half-hour later Chester and Harriet Sumner, accompanied by the notorious cowboy—who was known as Clayton Ware in the East—were on their way to the ranch, the exploration of the canyon being given up for that day.

The excitement required that Harriet should rest, but later in the day, when she thought herself alone in the house, she went down stairs. When she entered the parlor she saw Clayton sitting by the fire-place, but he immediately arose and drew up a comfortable chair for her. She sat down beside him, and putting her little hand on the arm of his chair, said—

"Now, Clayton, tell me all about it—why you came out here. Be frank, dear. I am as willing to hear your confessions as I used to be when we were children."

"It is a short and jolly boy, much more for my school time gambling, where it has led me."

"There was a silent moment, then Harriet said—

"I have blamed you for gambling with you at the game played with you good deal about."

"Don't blame me for trying to decide not then. Oh, I—"

"Clayton, can God have forgiven you are really so?"

As Clayton looked at her, and he rose, his face showed he came back to voice was won spoke:—

"Clayton, dear, we forgive one another of the will if you are truly Clayton's sad fate."

"You were a Christian once; may this be the time when you shall consecrate all your faculties to Him who will show you how, when and where to use them for His cause!"

And it was the time.

A week later Clayton Ware returned home with the Sumners, he to enter a medical school; but Harriet's field of Christian work is too broad to give all its pathway, for she had learned that we are accountable for others' failings as well as our own.

Little Folks.

A VALENTINE STORY.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"THERE! I know who did that!" exclaimed Parker Boyd, pointing at a rude picture on his desk at school.

Parker Boyd made this remark to Walter Getchell after school. They were alone in the school-house.

"What is it?" asked Walter.

He bent over the grotesque drawing that had roused Parker's ire. It was a donkey, and under it was the information, "A correct likeness of P. B."

"Ha! ha! I didn't do it. The boys are scattering them round," said Walter.

"I didn't think it was you, but I know, Walter, who drew it. Come here! Look out of the window! See the wretch? He did it!"

Walter, looking out of the window, saw Nat Pomeroy in front of his house, busily making a trench in the long bank of snow near the side-walk. The rain was drearily, heavily beating down all the while, and without mercy smote the bowed, pitiful little figure.

"Oh, I don't know! What makes you think it was Nat?" asked Walter.

"That's the way he makes P. B. He made the letters on my slate to-day. If I hadn't rubbed them off like a booby, you could see for yourself."

"Well, well! I expect to get one of that sort. The boys are just crazy and don't care who gets hit, and are sending them right and left. I had one on my desk to-day."

As he spoke Walter sharply eyed Parker, but the latter made no reply. Walter abruptly asked: "Now, didn't you send it to me, and put it on my desk?"

"No—sir!"

"But it is your work."

"Let me see it."

"It was a worse donkey than Parker's."

"Oh!—Oh! Oh! I did make it, but I didn't put it on your desk. I don't intend to, either. It's mean. Don't believe in it. Wouldn't give anything if I couldn't give a good thing. Somebody came along—must have— and left it on your desk."

"I believe you, but may not somebody have done the same thing to Nat's picture, supposing he drew it?"

Parker was not willing as yet to retract from his first opinion, but said he would think it over. The two boys separated.

Parker went to his home, which was near that of the trench-digger. The puny little Nat worked away in the rain, and Parker could but pity him.

Saying nothing about that caricature found at school, Parker went into his own house and left the trench-digger busily plying his shovel before the Pomeroy home. Parker had occasion to go out in the evening.

"Oh, my!" he said, reaching a street lamp that shed its rays down upon the scene of Nat's late labor. "The rain has filled up Nat's trench, or it has got choked some way, and the water is running over on to the side-walk and down into Nat's yard. Good! That's what I call retribution! A donkey-artist ought to suffer."

When Parker returned from his errand, he saw that the overflow had increased. He seemed to see Nat just as he appeared working away so dolefully in the rain.

"The little chap! Not bigger than a snail! His father, too, is weakly, and it wouldn't do for him to work out here. Guess I'll be merciful. I'll get my shovel and open that trench. The rain won't work its way through my waterproof."

When Parker had finished his job, he said, "Anybody looking—Nattie, for instance? I would like to surprise him in the morning, and his folks too, if any of them have noticed to-night that this trench was all choked up."

He had hardly finished his soliloquy when a voice said, "A good job that! Much obliged!"

"Welcome!" said Parker, wondering who it might be.

Looking sharply at the passer-by, he murmured, "Squire Sinclair, I do believe! I'd like to have his money! I think father would, too! Father was saying yesterday he wished the Squire would surprise him and give him a fat job."

The Squire was a rich neighbor. Parker's father was a carpenter. Parker shouldered his shovel and went home saying to himself, "Guess there will be a surprise over at the morning."

Several surprises in the morning.

Mr. Pomeroy to O. Elsie, and Sara, and Margaret, and a host of other little girls whose feet are now treading the last pleasant, care-free days of maidenhood, awaken to your high responsibilities, and resolve that, even if your particular John, or Charlie, or Tom, can only afford to hire two or three rooms, you will make a home for your husband, where you two out of all the world will be supremely happy and content. Boarding is certainly deteriorating, as truly so in "apartments" in hotels as in second-rate boarding-houses. These same idleness breeds in both places the same empty gossip, differing only in kind; the precious hours are often wasted in needless sleep and light no reading; and all the bloom and brightness are brushed off by the jostling contact with all sorts of people, many of whom hide an innate vulgarity, and perhaps something worse, under a glossy veneer of polished manners. A woman's kingdom is her home. Dear girls, let nothing deprive you of your crown!

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that the little home must lack nothing, from the pans in the kitchen to the portieres in the parlor. But if the home is nearly perfect when the cheery young bride enters it, she deprives herself of a vast amount of after-pleasure which would be hers did she select only the prime essentials first, and gradually add, here and there, quaint and pretty articles of furniture, bric-a-brac, and pictures. A real home is a growth, not a ready-made commodity. The following clipping from *Harper's Bazar* on this topic is so sensible and conclusive, that I hope you girls who are planning to be married will take heed as you read:—

"It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its furnishing cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of a much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholster

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, February 10.

— Admiral Hornby wants 5,000 boys to train for the English navy.

— Over 15,000 miners are on strike in the Pennsylvania coke regions.

— The men imprisoned in the West Nanticoke, Penn., mine have been rescued.

— Many persons were frozen to death by the blizzard in Nebraska and South Dakota.

— The United States will demand immediate payment of the amounts due from the Pacific roads.

— Russia returns, without comment, the London citizens' memorial regarding the treatment of Jews.

— The Senate will demand against the Bell Telephone Company, on ground that the patent has expired by limitation.

— The Senate recommitted the Eight-hour bill, and adopted the lithographic amendment to the Copyright bill. The House passed the Sunday Civil bill and non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Fortifications bill.

Wednesday, February 11.

— The government proposes to enlist 2,000 young Indians.

— M. Macé, a Paris baron, has deposited \$30,000,000.

— Death of James Redpath, journalist, lecturer and Irish Nationalist.

— The Chief Justice Marcus Morton died at his residence in Andover last night.

— Bishop Hare will have temporary charge of the Japanese mission, and will leave for Japan in March.

— The Monetary convention at Washington has adjourned, pending a settlement of the Silver question.

— The severity of the laws against the Jews in Russia has been redoubled as the result of the English memorial in their behalf.

— W. E. Wharton, Assistant Secretary of State, was married at Washington to Miss Susan L. a niece of Mrs. Vice President Morton.

— The memorial of St. Louis merchants and manufacturers against free trade was presented to the House Commerce committee, and an argument was given by George E. Leighton.

— The Senate laid aside the Copyright bill and to the Naval bill. The House passed the Dallas, Tex., public buildings bill over the President's veto. A general debate was had on the killing of Barramundi.

Thursday, February 12.

— A letter against free trade was read from Grover Cleveland at a meeting at Cooper Union.

— The Senate voted to build a dry dock on Puget Sound, and passed the Naval appropriation bill.

— Parnell and O'Brien issue manifestos acknowledging the impossibility of a peaceful settlement.

— H. B. Spaulding, a cashier of two Ayer banks, is missing, and there is an apparent shortage of \$50,000 in his accounts.

— Hon. A. H. Hunt, ex-secretary of the interior in Fillmore's cabinet, and a member of the Peabody educational board, is at the point of death.

— Arrest in Chicago of George J. Gibson, secretary of the Whiskey Trust, for an attempt to bribe a government official to blow up a distillery, risking the loss of 150 lives.

Friday, February 13.

— The Senate passes the bill to pension Gen. Banks.

— O'Brien and Dillon surrender themselves to the English authorities.

— The dock laborers' strike at London and Liverpool is becoming very serious.

— Gibson, the Whiskey Trust agent, says the dynamite story is a plot to ruin him.

— Twenty persons were killed and many injured by a boiler explosion in Quebec.

— The Maine Legislature is considering a bill extending municipal suffrage to women.

— Miss Kate Drexel takes the black veil of the Roman Catholic order of the Blessed Sacrament.

— The shortage of Cashier Spaulding, of Ayer, is now estimated at between \$24,000 and \$30,000.

Saturday, February 14.

— The Secretary of War defends the conduct of Colonel Forsyth and his troops during the Wounded Knee battle.

— The Narragansett Indians claim land on the West shore which they hold was reserved by a treaty of 1860 years ago.

— The Gladstone candidate in Northampton was elected by a large majority to succeed the late Mr. Bradlaugh in Parliament.

— Another strike is reported at Fall River. Eight hundred looms are idle at the Cornell Mills. Riot and bloodshed are reported at Clark's Thread Mills at Kearney, N. J.

— Cleveland's letter on the Silver question has secured for him the support of many Southern and Western Democratic Congressmen who say it settles the question of the Presidential nomination against him.

— General Sherman, who has been critically ill, swayed between life and death all yesterday. At midnight he was reported more comfortable.

— The Senate passes the District of Columbia appropriation bill, the Copyright bill being laid aside informally. A blow was struck at the Civil Service commission in the House.

Sunday, February 15.

— The Senate picture sale in New York realized \$60,338.

— Another murder of a woman has been committed in Whitechapel.

— Admiral Forester died suddenly in Washington yesterday morning, in his 78th year.

— Letters have been received from Cashier Spaulding, who confesses his dishonesty, attributing his fall to speculation and to sharpers.

— Disastrous floods suddenly overwhelmed the city of Corvosa in the Argentine Republic, drowning 100 people and destroying much property.

— The Senate adopted Mr. Sherman's amendment to the Copyright bill allowing foreign editions of books copyrighted in the United States to enter on payment of tariff duties.

— The Newfoundland Legislature yesterday adopted resolutions attacking the British Ministry for failure to ratify a reciprocity treaty between Newfoundland and the United States.

Monday, February 16.

— The government forces were defeated by the rebels in Tarapaca in Chile.

— The Japanese houses of parliament and other buildings have been burned, at a loss of over \$2,000,000.

— Arrival at Honolulu of the remains of King Kalakaua. Princess Liliuokalani has been proclaimed Queen.

— The sum of \$110,000 has been bequeathed to New Bedford charitable institutions by the will of Henry H. Allen.

— Non-union carpenters were pitched from their scaffolds on the World's Fair buildings by a mob, and Italians were stoned in Jackson Park.

— By two majority, the Senate disagreed to all the amendments made in committee of the whole to the Copyright bill. The House discusses the Indian appropriation bill, and sends the Naval bill to conference.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from page 5.)

begins at home," by Rev. R. Povey, of Attleboro; Feb. 23, "Other Men's Shoes," by the pastor, Rev. G. W. Hunt; March 2, a musical and literary entertainment appropriate to the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wesley; March 9, "Other Folks," by Rev. B. F. Simon, of Portsmouth.

New Bedford District.

(Additional items will be found on page 3.)

Our church at Fairhaven, Rev. W. Lenoir Hood in charge, enjoying a good degree of prosperity. The Sunday school is growing steadily. The Epworth League numbers about two hundred members—more than one hundred in the Senior League, and nearly as many in the Junior. The children's meeting, under the care of the pastor, is

doing excellent work. At the next communion service a number will be received in full from probation. Bro. Hood is also popular as a citizen. He has been elected president of the Village Improvement Association. The local paper, in a recent issue, says: "One of our prominent citizens well makes the claim that on a popular vote of the town ninety-nine out of one hundred would vote for Rev. Mr. Hood's return by the Conference."

At Cottage City the special services held in the two churches are still matters of chief interest in town. Many, especially of the young people, have been converted, and will soon be connected with the church. In harmony with the spirit which prevails on that island, Bros. Beal, of Vineyard Haven, and Wood, of North Tisbury, have again been assisting Bro. Elmer in his successful work at Cottage City. This church has recently been presented with a large Pittsburgh lamp by Z. D. Linton, esq.

At Edgartown the Sunday-school is mourning the loss of its late superintendent, Capt. Frederick A. Smith, who was buried on Sunday, Feb. 1.

Plymouth Memorial Church, is still prospering in revival work. Not less than forty have asked prayers, a number of whom have been received on probation.

At Marion, also, revival services are continued with good results. The pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomas, has been assisted by Bros. J. Washburn, D. J. Griffin, and Franklin Howland.

The Westport Epworth League was largely represented on Christian Endeavor day at the Christian Church, Central Village. After an earnest prayer meeting, an entertainment was given. This was followed by a collection and a pleasant season of social intercourse. A very enjoyable occasion.

At a recent meeting of the managers of the New Bedford Port Society, Rev. Edward Williams, of this Conference, was re-elected agent and chaplain of that Society, and his salary fixed at the same amount as last year.

In the Republican Standard (New Bedford) for Feb. 12 is a card from Bro. and Sister Fisk, of South Truro, thanking, for their sympathy and many deeds of kindness, friends at that place where their son was sick, and who died at Sandwich, where he was buried.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

Lewiston District.

Rev. W. P. Merrill, pastor at Gorham and Berlin, N. H., began annual meetings at Berlin the first of January, and continued them afternoon and evening for four weeks, with out any outside help. Fifty-five persons—many of them heads of families—were at the altar seeking Jesus. The most of these persons give evidence of having passed from a death unto life. Nineteen have been baptized—all the others were baptized in infancy—twenty-five have joined on probation, seven have been received into full membership—four from probation, and three by letter. An Epworth League of fifty members has recently been organized, and is in a prosperous condition.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bucksport District.

Clark Memorial Church, Bar Harbor.—If Methodism is building her three churches a day, and planting new missions in foreign fields, can she consent to let a beautiful church already built in one of the most important locations on our Atlantic coast go out of her hands, and the little society which has sacrificed so much to rescue it, be crushed out of existence? Under the inspiration of a former pastor, Rev. H. E. Frohock, this very clerical church, at Bar Harbor, Maine, was completed and dedicated in August, 1889, but nearly overgrown by debt. At the dedication several conditional pledges were secured; also, a small amount of money collected, which was expended at the time. Immediately after the consecration of the church, the pastor visited various places for the purpose of collecting money to pay off the indebtedness, but soon returned prostrated by sickness, from which he did not recover during the balance of the Conference year.

Early in May last, the present pastor endeavored to recall the congregation and Sunday-school, but immediate demands of creditors diverted his efforts, and during the hot days of summer he tramped among the visit ors with but little success, and many a day has he made his appeal to be rewarded only by weariness. On the 8th of October he left home to solicit aid for the Clark Memorial church in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, returning Nov. 14, since which time, because of a serious throat trouble, he has been unable to perform his pastoral work. With returning health he expects soon to be at his work again.

With \$4,000 in addition to what has been conditionally secured this church can be saved. For the sake of Methodism, and for the sake of the dear Master, please help us! For a further donation to Rev. J. F. Haley, presiding elder of Bucksport District, at Ellsworth, Maine, or to Rev. G. G. Winslow, the pastor at Bar Harbor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Dover District.

Pastor Calms at Amesbury is a busy student of the Word, seeking to feed his flock. In addition to his other services, he gives courses of Sunday evening lectures. He has been doing this for some years. His present course leading up to Conference is as follows: Feb. 12, "Christ and the Seven Churches;" Feb. 19, "Ephesus—abundant in labors, but lacking in love;" March 1, "Smyrna—tested and found faithful;" March 8, "Persepolis—in the midst of danger, enemies within and without;" March 15, "Thyatira—fall of love and labors, but lacking in discipline;" March 22, "Sardis—having a name to live, while dead;" March 29, "Philadelphia—a faithful church, having a little strength, but doing great things for God;" April 5, "Laodicea—lukewarm, but self-satisfied and at ease."

The preachers' meeting at Dover was one of the best in years.

JOSEPH COOK.

III.

An ordinarily large audience gathered on Monday noon last, many evidently being at St. Paul's listening to the great preacher, Phillips Brooks, in his marvelous Lenten lectures.

Preludes.

The flags are at half-mast to announce the fact that General Sherman has at last finished his march to the sea. His footprints are still fresh on those mysterious sands. Those footsteps do not point backward, but forward, where all the great leaders for liberty have gone. Standing at the edge of this shore, it becomes us to utter to ourselves a solemn word that may take root in our consciences. Sherman was the greatest strategist of modern times excepting, perhaps, Von Moltke and Grant. The march to the sea showed what a hollow shell the Rebellion was. After that the South lost hope. The man who now lies dead on Manhattan Island is he who made a Christmas present to Abraham Lincoln of the city of Savannah. He was one of

the heroes of the battle of Shiloh, of Vicksburg, and the march through the Carolinas. It requires a great brain to manage 100,000 men on a field over a quarter of a continent. When the peril was greatest, he was the clearest, coolest, bravest, and most incisive. He belonged to a great family. From New England, where it gave many great men to the nation, the family went West. This man might have been mighty with the pen. His autobiography shows this. Gen. Grant confessed that General Sherman was intellectually his superior; but General Sherman admitted that General Grant was his superior as a strategist. Grant was a genius in war. We owe it to Lincoln that Grant and Sherman were kept to the front.

General Sherman was a man of transparent honesty, a soldier without a vice. Shall we now abandon him? Much accomplished by the Civil War is yet in jeopardy. What are the great Southern problems? We are on the eve of a great centennial, and when it arrives, we shall probably have under our flag 30,000,000 Africans. Time, it is said, will solve the problem of the exportation of these Afro-Americans to Africa. But time won't solve it alone, and the Afro-American is here to stay. There is one unchanging element at least in this Southern problem, and that is the climate. You have conquered secession in the South, but you have not conquered nullification. The flag of the Rebellion is now in the United States Congress. The South has gained what power it has by counting in the vote of the Negro when it seemed best to them, and out when it seemed best. There are five "D's" in our civilization which make a hand to clasp our national throat—Democrat, Doughface, Dives, Demagogue, Dram-shop obligator. The growth of cities is a peril, and when the majority of cities is found there, then the day of greatest danger will come to our republic. The great cities are coming; and when the slums of these cities unite with the South, and Utah gets into the Union unconditionally, then there will come also terrible terrors. The Southern youth are being instructed on a narrow, national platform of education. Alfred Stephens' history is used in the schools, which gives a Confederate color to the war annals and those also of the period of reconstruction. This is Bourbon instruction for Bourbon children. I solemnly believe that there are on foot several very dangerous conspiracies for the enlargement of the Democratic vote for the presidential contest in 1892, and then if it succeeds, conspiracies for its enlargement afterwards. We must complete the work General Sherman began. We need a Republican Party that will keep its pledges. Re-enforce that party with young blood, and carry to complete triumph what was attained by the Civil War. I want to see the Lodge bill passed. I am in favor of compulsory voting, and the reading of the Bible in our schools. I am not a Republican or a Democrat, but an Independent, and believe in Prohibition with all my heart.

Dr. D. O. Means led in prayer, after which

Dr. Gordon spoke briefly concerning Mr.

Moody's Bible-school work in Chicago.

Then followed the

Questions.

What is to be said of Prof. Briggs? It may be said to be a bibliolator, but it is worse to be a bibliolator. He always opposes that vagary of probation after death. He champions the Higher Criticism in too confident a tone. He is a gentle, genial man. He means to be independent and candid, and gives everybody else the same chance. He has been misunderstood, because only a part of his address was published.

Ought the proposed Catholic party to let?

Yes. But the Catholic Review favors it. Let

us resist all efforts to form a political party,

dominated by advice beyond the seas. The

clerical party has away over the recent im-

migrant, and not over the old Catholic fam-

ilies of Baltimore and Washington.

Are Catholics being abused in Boston? A

thousand times, "No." Boston opposes mu-

tated history. We hope the mischief will be

mended.

Lecture.

Mr. Cook said: Christianity is at once a

philosophy, a kingdom, and a fellowship. As

a philosophy it is eternal. As a kingdom it

reveals God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost. As

a fellowship it teaches the communion of saints

with each other and with their Lord. Every

conception of Christianity is fragmentary

that does not consider it in these three

phases. I raise four questions:—

1. What convinced the apostles that Chris-

tianity was a philosophy, a kingdom, and a

fellowship? He gave the reasons, emphasizing

particularly the divinity of Christ and

repeating some of his last lecture. 2. Ought

we to be convinced that to convince us? 3.

What were the most fruitful parts of their

faith? 4. Ought they to be so to us?

Acknowledgment from Dr. Butler.

Received, with thanks, during the past

quarter, the following additional sums, on

behalf of the fund for building village chapels

in India:—

H. B. H. N. U. \$500

Miss H. Sawyer, \$500

W. H. and Julia B. Thurston, \$500

H. R. and Mrs. Richards, Newton Centre,

Mass., \$500

From a friend in the West, \$500

Previously acknowledged in Zion's Herald, \$3,383

Total, \$5,383

Letters from India, dated Nov. 5 and Jan.

4, from the presiding elder of the Rohilcund

District and Bishop Thoburn, bring news

that gladdens our hearts. The chapel at Pi-

lith was finished, and on Sunday, Nov. 2,

it was dedicated. It is 36 x 22 ft. 2 in.

wide. The native pastor is Rev. D. F. Kidder

—formerly one of our orphan boys—One of

our most gifted and devoted native ministers.

The elder writes: "The day was a perfect

November one. Our Christian people were

most enthusiastic and happy. I wish I had

a photograph of the chapel to send you, but

we could not get one taken this side of Lucknow.

It would have done your heart good to have

been present and participated in the service of

the day." They are pushing the other chap-

els ahead now that the rains are over. Phil-

lith is a large town with probably 12,000 in-

habitants, lying between Bareilly and the

foot of the Himalayas Mountains, which here

drop down from Nepal to the plains of In-

dia.

To me the locality has the additional inter-

est of being the scene where, after the battle

near Bareilly, the infamous Nana Sahib, in

his mad and true attempt to wipe out the

last vestige of the Christian religion from his

country, made his last stand, and there dis-

appeared forever from the sight of men.

Through this Philith he and his remnant of

grungy followers fled into the Nepalese

jungles, in the vain hope of reaching the cap-

ital of this sub-Himalayan Hindoo kingdom,

where he hoped his caste would insure him

their protection from English vengeance (see

"Land of the Veda," p. 309). But he never

reached that capital. He, with that famous

warrior in his turban, is lying in one of

those awful reviews, a few miles east from

Philith, and will there till the judgment

day, for even the 100,000 rupees offered for

his person, dead or alive, could not induce

any living man to take the risks of searching for them in a locality where the dread malaria and the royal Bengal tigers' allied bar all approach to those up-as-like ravines.

When that last battle was fought, and the flight from the presence of Havelock's heroes was taken, (who was one of those whom he so especially and savagely sought for) was only a short distance from him on the northwest side of the Philith, and probably not farther away from it than the place where his skeleton lies to-day on the east side of it. How different might the condition of affairs have been now had we fallen into his power, to share the dreadful fate he inflicted upon the American Presbyterian missionaries of Puttalgur at Cawnpore only a short time before! But instead of Rohil and Oude being now covered with unmitigated heathen darkness, and a discouraged church at home—sadly remembering their mission as extinguished in the blood of their first messenger—here I am, by the peculiar mercy of God, anxiously trying to find the means to shelter the thousands who are now annually forsaking the Hindooism of the Nana Sahib, and accepting Christ as their Lord and Saviour all over Hindooism; and to day I rejoice that this very Philith our native Christians, now 246 in number, with but have there a church, which they so joyfully dedicated just three months since! Oh, thank God! It makes the blood bound more joyously through this poor old heart as I realize it all and anticipate the blessed future.

All this is justified, when I here add the

statistics for 1890 sent to me by the presiding

elder. And let the reader remember that the

elder is only giving the figures for his own dis-

trict, while there are three other districts in

that North India Conference and also two

other Annual Conferences—the South India

and Bengal—to add to these glad

statistics. The elder says: "I have now on my

district 800 Christian workers; 1,009 villages

where Christians live—358 of these opened in

1890. We have had 4,916 baptisms this year,

9,000 in church membership, and 16,000 Chris-

tian community under our pastoral care." He

adds these words: "I am leading our people

everywhere to pray for the gift of the

Holy Spirit upon us. We must have a spirit-

edness for Christian baptism on every

hand. The coming year could witness 100,

000 baptisms if our preachers in charge had

the physical strength to reach the people and

the means at hand to care for their spiritual

teaching after baptizing them. Oh, how we

need the wealth of our Christian people at

home! Just and only what they could

spare, and never suffer from the gift!"

I join my yearning cry with that of the

dear elder, that a glorious baptism of liberal-

ity may come this year on our home church-

es, so that not only this million and a quar-

ter asked for may be contributed, but also a

sum much in advance of that amount, so that

our Missionary Board and General Commis-

sion may be enabled and encouraged to re-en-

force the work, and send them the men and

the means to gather in the harvest "which

is waiting for the reaper in the Valley of

the Ganges. May God help us, that we

may not prove ourselves unworthy of being

"workers together" with the Holy Spirit

when He is beckoning us forward to realize

one of the grandest opportunities He ever set

before a Christian Church!

Newton Centre, Mass.

SOCIAL UNION.

"Ladies' night" is an event eagerly ant-

ipated, and sure to bring an occasion of in-

terest and of pleasurable instruction. Monday

night was no exception to the rule. The ladies

gathered in force, and a company of some 400

persons sat down to a collation sufficiently

amplified to meet the demands of the addi-

tional numbers. Hon. L. T. Jett, fresh from his

manifold duties to the Hudson Church, pre-

sided. The beautiful Odd Fellows Hall has

rarely been filled with a happier company,

and when the doors opened, the spacious

tables were rapidly filled with the large

gathering in attendance. The divine blessing

invoked by that veteran member of the Union,

Rev. J. H. Twombly, D. D.

The vands disposed of, the company was

called to order, and the benediction and joined

in singing gloriously, "Bless be the tie that

binds," and as the swelling chorus of voices

arose, it was a delightful sound to Christian

ears. Rev. E. M. Taylor followed in a ten-

tative and thrilling invocation to the Heavenly

Throne. The annual large number were

admitted to membership. Rev. Hugh Mont-

gomery announced the dedication of the

Woburn Church for Monday, Feb. 24, by

Miss Cochran and Mr. Shaw, members of

the Shaw-Davis Concert Company, was given

with fine effect. As an encore they sang a